

**THE RISING SON.**  
LEWIS WOODS, Business Manager.  
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Correspondents wanted in every city and town in this state. Write us. All news matter intended for publication should reach our office not later than Tuesday, of each week and must be signed by the writer not for publication, but as guarantee of authenticity.

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**OLDEST NEGRO JOURNAL  
... IN KANSAS CITY,  
TWICE ALL  
THE REST.**

The paid circulation of THE RISING SON is more than double the combined circulation of all the other Kansas City Colored weekly newspapers.

Kansas City, Mo., March 3, 1903.  
Office of the Postmaster,  
Publishers, Rising Son,  
Kansas City, Mo.

In response to your inquiry, I beg to say your publication is duly entered as second class matter at this office and regularly mailed.

Very respectfully,  
J. H. HARRIS,  
Postmaster.

The Rising Son is the only paper published by Colored people in Kansas City, Mo., that is entered at the post office as second class mail.

It will be interesting to know just what argument our colored brethren who have heretofore supported the Democratic party in general and Mayor Reed in particular will use to show why the latter should be elected governor.

It is said that Mayor Reed has permitted the splendid accumulating of holes in the asphalt streets to continue uninterrupted in order to demonstrate to the rock-ribbed brethren from the rock-ribbed counties who may chance to attend Carnival how little his honor's rusticity has been affected by having twice been elected mayor of this growing metropolis.

A good name, a disposition and will to work and to save, plenty of good common sense, added to what learning in books one is able to acquire, will discount a thousand theories on "How to Solve the Negro Problem." In view of the above facts, the homely injunction, "Lay dead and saw wood," could never be more advantageously employed.

Forty years after all can scarcely be said to be the beginning in the life time of a race or nation.

There seems to be a prevailing disposition on the part of the business interests regardless of politics to think that placing bonds in the hands of the present Democratic City Administration would be much the same as pouring water into the proverbial rat hole.

Evidently "Whole hog or none" was the latest secret of Tammany Hall, when they determined to nominate McClellan for mayor of Greater New York.

In the case of Miller the reinstated bookbinder as in every instance in which President Roosevelt has taken a decided stand he has again shown his characteristic firmness.

Senator Morgan of Alabama, says that he favors the incorporation of an Anti-Negro plank in the next Democratic platform and this let the world know that the party is opposed to the negro in any way exercising government affairs. While it may be truthfully said that the world has never had need to doubt the hostility of the Democratic party toward the black man, yet it may serve a good purpose after all in that it may undeceive those poor deluded mortals of the present generation known as Negro Democrats and who have been laboring under the hallucination that it was not the Republican party that freed us.

When at leisure call at the New Century Pool Hall and Boot Black parlor. I also carry the leading brand of cigars and tobaccos. Furnished rooms upstairs. Tom Newrod, Prop. 554 Grand.

When a fellow is frozen out of a good thing it naturally makes him hot.

## LET THE COURTS PUNISH NEGRO CRIMINALS.

J. B. Gibbs who was on trial in the Criminal Court for murder in the first degree, was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. Gibbs was tried for the killing of Edward Moore several months ago by shooting him in the back. The verdict was a surprise to everyone in the testimony of the witnesses, indicated that the shooting of this man was avoidable, and the fact that the democracy of this community refuses to punish negroes for crime, is a very dangerous condition of affairs so far as the Negro race is concerned. Judge Wofford's words of advice, given when sentencing Gibbs were appropriate and if the courts were to punish negroes who commit crimes and who run hell joints the operation of which is calculated to make criminals of the worst type. Judge Wofford would not have occasion to lecture the Negro race every time he sentences a negro. Gibbs was identified with a "social" club, the kind that is a curse and injury to the Negroes of this community. The "clubs" have rolled up handsome majorities for the Democracy—and this fact explains the action of the courts in dealing justice (?) to negro criminals.

## A SOUTH CAROLINA NEGRO HAS SAVED \$100,000 WITH WHICH TO COMMENCE.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 9.—J. J. Miller, a Negro of Columbia, S. C., said to have saved \$100,000 will open an exclusively Negro department store on Broad street, of this city. Negroes will conduct it, all the departments and the innovation will be watched with interest.

He has rented No. 528 E. Brown street, and goods are arriving.—The Star.

The best and wisest thing for American Negroes to do today is to keep to himself from a laborer's standpoint make friends with the intelligent and better class of white people, trust the God that brought him out of the southern bondage, and last, but not least, by preparation with his face toward the enemy, standing like a brave man and die only in the last ditch in defence of right.

The question paramount for the negro to decide is that regardless of what others say or think or do, he must keep on driving.

## PHILOSOPHICAL.

Once a fisherman, always a liar.

A lazy man is always trying to work other people.

Luck is a combination of an opportunity and the man.

It is easier to brag of one's future than it is to boast of one's past.

When money is tight the pawnbroker is apt to take the pledge.

Stealing a march is not larceny any more than firing a servant is arson.

Though the wind is invisible the same cannot be said of a sight draft.

Horses are like eggs. It is impossible to tell what's in them until they are broken.

Talk is cheap, but when a young man is in love he naturally thinks the chief talker a little dear.

Naturally the man who leads a crooked life is unable to keep both feet in the straight and narrow path.

If the average woman knew what her neighbors say of her she would probably talk about them worse than ever.

The millennium will be at hand when people instead of asking what a man is worth can find out by looking at his tax receipts.

## RELIGIOUS MUSINGS.

Faith alone lifts the fog of the future.

We are bidden to take, not to make our cross.

Revenge is sweet—but only in the mouth of a fool.

Variety is the spice of life, and vice is the cayenne pepper.

He who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.

To some people, "I" is the largest letter in the alphabet of life.

Many men consent to be shut out of heaven that they may stand in with this world.

The twinges of conscience are like an aching tooth, very annoying, but yet a sign of life.

Weeds thrive best in richest soil. This applies to churches as well as to fields and gardens.

Some folks "lose their mind" because they have given others "a piece of their mind" so often they have none left for themselves.

**The Old Scheme.**  
Write uncle Joseph, dearie,  
And say the city's hot;  
That we're of pavements weary,  
And want a cooler spot.  
Say we think the farm exquisite,  
And get up some pretext  
To make them all a visit—  
I know they won't be vexed.  
And, Maude, indite a letter  
Unto the Daily Star—  
Perchance the Bugle's better—  
And say the Joneses are  
About to cross the water—  
To Paris they'll repair,  
Where their pretty, winsome daughter  
Will be fairest of the fair.  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Lothia's Accident.**  
By Helen A. Beckwith.  
Copyrighted, 1900, by The Authors Pub. Co.

Lothia was in an unpleasant mood. It caused her to forget her habit of prim, orderly neatness—a quality so deeply inculcated as to seem a part of her very self.

Left motherless before her recollection, she had grown to womanhood under the watchful care of an indulgent father. He had never given her pre-emptory command, but had led her nevertheless, high-strung and wayward though she was, in his own way, by sterling advice, with love and gentleness, and often a seeming acquiescence to her whims. The plans for her future were made in her early childhood, but Robert Yates had been wise enough to keep this from his headstrong daughter, while he had guarded against complications.

Of late her father had changed, and Lothia was uneasy about it. It was now two weeks since a bulky letter arrived for him, which she delivered gaily remarking on its size, and curious as to its contents. When her father saw the envelope, his face became ashen, and he lost his gentleness.

Although Robert Yates had looked forward for many years to what was before him, now he wallowed in the "slough of despair" at the culmination of his hopes. With the thought of separation ever before him, he could not regain his old cheerfulness. To-day another letter arrived bearing the same postmark. Lothia had sent this one in, fearing a repetition of the former scene. Shortly she was summoned into her father's presence, to be addressed with sternness, and she thought, with cruelty.

"Lothia, you are grown to womanhood, and it is time that you were settled in life. In your infancy I made an arrangement for your future; now the time has arrived for the fulfillment of that plan. To-morrow a gentleman will visit us whom I desire you to treat with the greatest respect, as I esteem him highly, and—be to be your husband in the near future."

Lothia's great, blue eyes voiced her astonishment, then slowly filled with tears, but after a moment's pause her father continued: "His name is S. E. Aaron Woolbridge."

"Is he young, papa?" asked the girl with tremulous lips.

"Well, no; not extremely young; forty, or thereabouts."

"O papa, how could you!" she sobbed.

The man moved uneasily about the room. At last he stopped before her. "There is no use of becoming hysterical," he said. "You must do my bidding."

"But why, papa?"

"Because it is best—because—because I command you."

The fire of indignation flashed from her eyes. "Well, then I won't; that's flat," she cried, rushing from the room to leave her father filled with sad wonderment.

Catching her sailor hat by the brim she jammed it upon her head with vicious earnestness, not stopping, as was her wont, to brush back her rebellious rings of copper colored hair, for the breeze made sad havoc with them if left loose. She would go where no one would find her, and think it out. The narrow wagon road wound



"Oh, papa, how could you!" she sobbed.

around the foot of the mountain close to its base. Now that Lothia was high above the road the meadows seemed far below her. She glanced down involuntarily, and thought how easily she might end it all. As she leaned forward a trifle, the better to see the bottom, the loose earth slipped beneath her feet; instinctively she grasped a root, but it gave way, and she plunged downward, clutching at vines and briars. She closed her eyes, vindictively saying, "Now, papa, you'll be sorry."

"Why did you stand there?" spitefully cried the girl, struggling to a sitting posture. "I know you stood there just so I couldn't fall; you're a mean, hateful thing."

The man stepped respectfully aside, with a look of amused perplexity on his face. "Was this a wilful deed?" he asked.

"No, 'twasn't; I slipped, and you might have stayed away so I could have been hurt; I hate the sight of you," she cried, angrily, while the tears filled her eyes.

"Do you really wish to be injured? I am sure I would be glad to assist you in any way that I can. I might accommodate you by throwing you as high as possible and letting you come down unattended. I could throw you quite high; I am over six feet tall, and am strong, while you are but a feather's weight."

Lothia laughed gaily. "You're not such a bad sort after all," she said. "but I do wish you hadn't been there so they could have found and sent



"Are you hurt?"

"me home; I guess then papa'd be sorry."

"Yonder is a flat rock which will make a comfortable seat; let us be friends, and you tell me all about it."

Miss—Miss—ah—offering his hand to assist her.

"Yates, Lothia Yates; now, what is your name?"

The man seemed suddenly confused, but finally stammered out, "Silas."

"Now sit here and tell me your trouble, if you will."

"Well," she began, "you see papa is just as good as gold, but something has got hold of him lately, and he wants me to marry an old man with the horrid name. Say, haven't you another name?"

The man reddened as he replied: "Yes, Aaron."

A silvery peal of laughter floated up the mountain side. "Why, isn't that funny; that's the old man's name, too. Aaron Woolbridge; just think of it. If I had been hurt maybe papa would have felt so sorry that when the old man comes to-morrow he would send him away."

"Does forty seem to you so very old?" queried the gentleman.

"O dear, yes; papa is sixty; I am twenty, and papa has been old ever since I can remember him. I wish I had been hurt just a little so I could make a fuss, but I haven't a scratch."

"Now, Miss Yates—"

"Say, Lothia, it seems as if I had known you always."

"Very well, Lothia. I am a medical man, Dr. Aaron; you are generally bruised. I will bandage your head, your ankle and your arm, and will convey you to a farm house nearby, where I will arrange for you to remain until sufficiently recovered to be removed. Of course, the length of time rests with yourself. In the meantime you can communicate with this old man and tell him your feelings; perhaps, he may release you."

"That's capital," she cried, clapping her hands.

Robert Yates was informed and came to see his daughter daily, but never mentioned her would-be suitor. Her letter, filled with bitter scorn and loathing for an old man of forty, bearing such a horrid name, was duly written and given to one of the farm hands to post.

Time flew on the wings of the wind for Lothia. Bandaged as she was—for she dared not admit the ruse—the time that passed seemed wonderfully short. The doctor's visits were awaited with feverish expectation.

"Lothia, this is my last visit."

"Your—last—visit," she gasped, while the color forsook her cheeks. She felt that the sunshine was going out of her life forever.

"Must this ruse continue, or shall we end it now?" he asked, gravely.

"I hardly think Mr. Woolbridge will trouble you."

The doctor's pocket was bulging with the mail he had just received. One envelope caught the girl's eye. "Where did you get this?" she cried, taking up the letter.

"From the post; it belongs to me. Forgive me, Lothia, but I am S. E. Aaron Woolbridge. I stayed on here, hoping to overcome your prejudice, and win your love. I find your real sentiments voiced in this letter, and—" his voice quivered perceptibly—"I can stay no longer."

Lothia crimsoned with shame. "I don't want you to go," she sobbed.

"What does this mean, little one? Is it that you care for me?"

"O yes, I do; don't go, please?"

"What! care for an old man of forty, with such a horrid name?"

"On one condition—that you marry me without delay, before I get older," he said, folding her in his arms.

"How could I have been so foolish?" she whispered from her safe shelter.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

Statement as made to the Comptroller of the Currency at the close of business Feb. 6, 1903.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$5,981,708.36.
U. S. Bonds, at par.....	\$ 528,000.00
Municipal Bonds at par.....	\$27,441.14
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	\$180,685.29
	\$5,081,126.43
Total.....	\$11,012,924.79
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock.....	\$ 600,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	\$90,000.00
Undivided profits.....	\$7,771.60
Unearned interest.....	\$4,908.00
National Bank Notes Outstanding.....	\$28,000.00
Deposits.....	\$5,116,170.17
	\$11,012,924.79

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